



Oscar and his sister, Louise

I got a letter that come in day before yesterday, laying right back there in the file.... The last spring it was a year ago, an Indian boy named Oscar, that we hunted on the highway up there with, where the Angel of the Lord (I told you across here) would bring that caribou and that silver-tip grizzly. All of you remember it. Then that boy, when I walked into the... He walked into the tent last spring, and when Bud asked me to ask the blessing (He took off his gloves—he was riding)—he put them gloves on and was ready to go out. He was a Catholic, didn't have nothing to do with it.

Last fall when he could... Standing by my side when his mother was back there, dying with a heart attack, he said, "Won't you come back

and pray for her?" I went back in this little hut of the Indians there. And there all of them gathered around this mother, and her dying, couldn't speak a word of English. And the Holy Spirit came down and told the mother through an interpreter, her daughter, what had taken place, which even called her name, and told her what she was, and what tribe she was from, and how that this would happen. And the mother was instantly healed.

And the next morning when I went back to see them, as I rode out, going forty miles back for a sheep, there they was all setting there, she was—getting on the horse to go back to dry moose meat. And I said, "Last night when I prayed, I said, 'Our Father Who art in heaven.'" I said, "Louise, I... Was a Catholic prayer. You all started, and then, of course, I left you." And I said, "Now, I'm just going to thank God. We don't say prayers; we pray."

She said, "We no more Catholic. We believe like you believe. We want you to take all of us and baptize us the way you baptize. We want the Holy Ghost."

On the trip back... The boy had lost his horses months before that, couldn't find them. And the guide was bawling him out, said, "Oscar, you knowed better than to leave them horses like that. The bears (lot of grizzlies) would eat them horses up by this time."

And he kept standing close to me, and one night he said, "Me ask you something?"

I said, "Yes."

Said, "Brother Branham, pray God. God give me my ponies back."

I said, "Bud said the bear eat them up."

Said, "Brother Branham, ask God. God give Oscar his ponies back."

I said, "You believe that, Oscar?"

He said, "I believe. God make my mother well; God tell you where bear was, where game was; that God know where game is, know where my horses is." Think of it.

A year ago while standing back there with Fred Sothmann, Billy Paul my son, the Holy Spirit came down. I said, "Oscar, you'll find your ponies. They'll be standing in the snow." There lays the letter, wrote me last week, and I got it Friday... It's laying right in the file now: "Brother Branham, Oscar find ponies standing in snow."

How they lived, nobody knows.... At this time of year, June, there's so much snow, there's still twenty or thirty foot of snow around them, how did they stay there through the winter in this canyon. Oscar can get in to them on snowshoes, but 'course, he can't put snowshoes on his pony. But he found them according to the Word of the Lord. [From *The Oddball*, June 14, 1964 p.m., Jeffersonville, Indiana, edited]

